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NUMBER 29

W. C. SMITH,  
CASA GRANDE, ARIZONA.

FERNANDO B. MALDONADO,  
FLORENCE, ARIZONA.

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**JOHN GARDINER, Tucson.**

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Washington Street, Phenix, Ariz.

## ELEGANT LINE OF NEW GOODS

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**H. CHALMERS Agt**  
Casa Grande, A. T.  
ALSO AGENT  
**Springfield Fire Insurance**  
COMPANY.  
—Orders Solicited—

## L. ZECKENDORF & CO

TUCSON, A. T.

Successors to Leo Goldschmidt

DEALERS IN

**Furniture, Carpets, Bedding, and**

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## FURNITURE.

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Hair & Wool. All prices.

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Picture and Window Glass of all sizes.

Undertaking Business promptly attended to

**C. W. TILLMAN.**

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103 Montgomery St., San Francisco, Cal.  
(N. W. Corner Suite St. up Stairs.)

**FINEST LINE OF GOODS ON THE COAST—A FINE FIT GUARANTEED  
SHIRTS TO ORDER A SPECIALTY**

BRANCH OFFICE AT PHENIX, ARIZONA

### A TALE OF THE MORGUE.

KEEPER WHITE, OF NEW YORK, TELLS  
OF HIS EXPERIENCE.

The Dead House Not Particularly Un-  
healthy—More Applications for Positions  
as Helpers Than There Are Vacancies.  
The Late Dr. Hamilton's Views.

"Look at me,"  
The speaker was a man of medium  
height and rather inclined to stoutness.  
His hair is turning gray, but his eyes  
were bright and cheery and his face  
glowed with the hue of health.

"How old am I?"  
The writer placed his age at 40 years  
at a venture, though 38 years would  
have been apparently an equally close  
guess.

"That's what most people take me for.  
I am nearly 49 years old, and have spent  
the last seventeen years of my life in the  
city dead house. Do I look sickly?"

KILLING DEAD BODIES.  
Albert White, the keeper of the city  
morgue, was discussing the death of  
Joseph Fogarty, for several years the  
assistant keeper, and was indignantly  
denying the widely credited report that  
constant intercourse with the bodies of  
the dead had evil effects upon the health  
of the living.

"I have employed hundreds of men  
and women here," continued the keeper,  
"since I have had charge of this depart-  
ment, and have never yet had one die  
from the effects of handling dead bodies  
or being constantly among them. Some  
have died, it is true, but they were only  
themselves to blame for it. I have had  
seven assistant keepers. Fogarty was  
the last. My first assistant was the  
only man who contracted a disease here,  
and I am not quite sure that this is the  
place he caught it. One day he came  
down with smallpox, though we never  
had a case of smallpox in the building  
to our knowledge. He recovered and is  
now an attendant in the City Insane  
asylum. Fogarty died from heart dis-  
ease. He was born with it. Why, every  
week during the college years, for  
years Dr. Janeway would have Joe go  
up before his class for examination. He  
had a triple murmuring of the heart, so  
he called it, and he was one of the  
only cases ever known. When he had  
his leg taken off the other day, a com-  
munication of twenty or thirty big doctors  
to decide whether they would give him  
either or not. They concluded he would  
die if they didn't, and they gave it to  
him and he recovered the wind shifted  
to the east and the breeze that brought  
miniature white caps to the waves that  
slashed under the city dead house also  
carried into the office a faint odor from  
the long, low, white building that extends  
from the river and where the bodies are kept.

"Smell that odor?" went on Mr. White,  
throwing wide open the door. "Well,  
that's all we ever get, and there's nothing  
unhealthy in that. It's not altogether  
pleasant, now, but if you didn't know  
that it came from the dead, you'd hardly  
notice it. We pack the bodies in red  
carbone of lime. That absorbs the ani-  
mal moisture. Then we keep the stone  
floor always wet. That carries off the  
odor as fast as it is made. That is the  
way we manage to keep healthy."

"But isn't work in the morgue calcu-  
lated to affect a man's mind more than  
it does his body?"  
"Why should it any more than the work  
of an undertaker? Look at me,"  
said the keeper, with a touch of pa-  
tristic pride in his tones. "I think my  
mind is as healthy as most men's, and  
I've spent most a lifetime here. After  
a man's used to the work there is noth-  
ing excessively unpleasant about it.  
So far as even common sense goes,  
"I have never had a helper go insane.  
It doesn't affect their moral natures in  
the least so far as I can find out. I never  
knew it to affect any one's particularly.  
We never had a helper commit suicide,  
and I never knew of a man's killing  
himself in or near the morgue."

"Do you have any trouble in getting  
helpers?"  
"I can get more than I need. There  
are always a dozen or more applications  
for the position of assistant keeper, and  
I discharge a man I am over with ap-  
plications within twenty-four hours. No,  
I tell you, the morgue is a healthy place  
to work in, public opinion to the con-  
trary notwithstanding, and a man who  
takes care of himself can live here as  
long as he can anywhere."

The late Dr. Frank H. Hamilton, who  
was a national reputation during the  
fatal illness of President Garfield, agreed  
with Mr. White in every particular, and  
even went farther.

"The effects of a rank growth of vege-  
tation," wrote the doctor, "are much  
more pernicious to human life and health  
than the decay of animal structures. In  
the great Parisian slaughter houses,  
usually mountainous where animals are  
brought, 10,000 to 15,000 dead, dying or  
worn out horses, dogs, cats and other  
domestic animals, every portion of whose  
bodies was there worked over and used  
up for various commercial purposes, the  
workmen enjoy as good health as the  
same class of laborers in any other occu-  
pation."

"In New York," he continued, "where  
large slaughter houses are scattered here  
and there along the water front, among  
the poorest hovels and tenements, I am  
told that there does not exist any more  
sickness than is usually found among  
the same number of poor in all the  
crowded tenement districts of the  
city. Yet there is not a slaughter house  
in New York in which more or less of  
the blood from the slaughtered animals,  
with fragments of flesh, etc., do not lie  
in or about or under the floor, there to  
undergo putrefaction. The mortuary  
and general sanitary statistics of Chicago  
will probably not show that it is any  
more unhealthy than it was before it  
became the slaughter house of the  
world. Dessault, the famous French  
anatomist, was fond of repeating the old  
saying, 'When the animal dies the poison  
dies, too.'—New York Mail and Express.

F. H. Winston, of Chicago, who served as  
United States minister to Paris, thinks there  
are only about a dozen persons in this coun-  
try, and a like number of Americans in  
Paris, mostly missionaries.

Edwin Booth is a prominent figure at  
Narragansett pier. He will spend the sum-  
mer with his daughter, at whose cot-  
tage he is stopping. Mr. Booth seems much  
given to pedestrianism this year.

Charles B. Woodcock, once celebrated as  
the favorite of King Charles of Wurtemberg,  
is now living quietly in New York. He sees  
no strangers, does not use his title and is un-  
decided whether he will return to Europe or  
not.

### IN FREE READING ROOMS.

QUEER CHARACTERS WHO HAUNT  
NEW YORK'S LIBRARIES.

Three That Act Alike, Yet Do Not Know  
Each Other—An Old Man Who Never  
Takes Anything But Anthos's Classical  
Dictionary—A Student of Longevity.

In many public libraries of this city  
there are daily to be seen some decidedly  
eccentric characters. Their faces are fa-  
miliar to all the attendants of the place they  
frequent, and every occasional visitor has  
speculated at one time or other about  
them.

In the Mercantile library, for instance,  
there are three men who spend the entire  
day there reading anything and every-  
thing, and this they have been doing for  
years. One is an elderly man and both  
the others are middle aged. They are at  
the door of the room when it opens in the  
morning at 9 o'clock. They take their  
seats in the most methodical fashion and  
begin. One of them occasionally goes  
down stairs, gets a book from the library,  
and returning in a few moments, settles  
himself in his corner with a grunt of sat-  
isfaction and then appears oblivious to  
his surroundings for hours.

At noon, or thereabouts, this trio goes  
out to luncheon. Not together, as each  
seems to be unaware of the similarity of  
the other's habits. Sometimes one comes  
back in twenty minutes, sometimes in  
thirty, but none of them seems to re-  
main away longer than an hour.

In the afternoon their pastime is again  
resumed, and it is continued until the  
doors close at night, when they go away  
reluctantly.

Whole of the library made a rule to close  
at 3 o'clock Saturday afternoons, these  
people and several others protested  
against the early closing movement as  
an outrage.

Over at the Astor library there was  
formerly a peculiar looking German who  
was waxed ringlets and a tremendous  
necktie. He studied Goethe entirely, and  
made notes by the bushful on dirty  
scrap of paper that he picked from the  
floor or fished from his pockets. He has  
been missed for some time.

There is one nice looking, white haired  
old gentleman who comes to the Cooper  
union reading room in the neighborhood  
of 2 o'clock every day and calls for "An-  
thos's Classical Dictionary," which is a  
sort of biography of eminent ancient  
characters.

He never asks for anything else, and  
when he is seen to enter, the librarian, if  
not busy, goes to the case and brings that  
work to the desk.

There is a peculiar thing about this character  
is that he has been pursuing this custom  
ever since 1833. The reading room was  
closed during the extensive alterations to  
the building during '33 and '36. When it  
reopened almost the first visitor was  
this same white haired old gentleman, and  
Mr. Curtis, the librarian, could not  
repress a broad smile as the old gentle-  
man stepped before his desk and, laying  
down his check, said, "How do you  
glad you're open again," and then ad-  
ded, unconcernedly, "Anthos's Classical  
Dictionary, please."

There is another queer fellow who  
comes into the same reading room and  
follows the attendants around as they file  
newspapers and periodicals. As soon as  
the attendant places one of these in his  
proper place the queer individual takes  
it up and rapidly turns and scans the  
pages. When the next one is placed he  
props the first and skims over the second.  
This he does with each and every one.  
He seems to have no definite object in  
doing this, as he cares not what the pub-  
lication may be.

At first the library assistants did not  
know what to make of him, but they are  
used to him now and would miss his com-  
panionship were he to leave off.  
There is a third queer character, and  
he is a daily visitor, and he must have in-  
formation enough stored away in his breast to  
run the world.

He is probably between 55 and 60  
years old. He has an air of comfort  
about him, and might be taken for a  
one time workman who had amassed a  
competence upon which he proposed to  
live at his ease for the rest of his  
days. He has been coming to the lib-  
rary for several years and began his read-  
ing in the volume 1 of the American En-  
cyclopedia. That book he called for  
every day for goodness knows how long,  
and when he had presumably exhausted  
its contents he began on volume 2,  
and so he continued until he came to  
the last volume.

Up at Mechanics' library on West  
Sixteenth street an old man had been a  
regular visitor. He was fully 85 years  
old and feeble at that. He had a mania  
for reading books on longevity, and  
bored for hours over "Man's Preser-  
vation," a volume 1 of the American En-  
cyclopedia. That book he called for  
every day for goodness knows how long,  
and when he had presumably exhausted  
its contents he began on volume 2,  
and so he continued until he came to  
the last volume.

Another character at the Mechanics' library  
is an old lady who reveals in the most  
sentimental love stories. In the great  
Parisian slaughter houses, usually mountainous  
where animals are brought, 10,000 to 15,000  
dead, dying or worn out horses, dogs, cats  
and other domestic animals, every portion of  
whose bodies was there worked over and  
used up for various commercial purposes, the  
workmen enjoy as good health as the same  
class of laborers in any other occupation.

The only peculiar thing about him,  
though, is his everlasting reading of  
reading rooms, especially during cold or  
rainy weather.

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though, is his everlasting reading of  
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rainy weather.

Amelia Rives-Chandler recently wrote to  
a friend that she had decided to abandon lit-  
erature for art.

Julian Hawthorne's five daughters bear the  
names of Hildgarde, Gwendolyn, Gladys,  
Beatrice and Imogen.

New editions of all of Amelia B. Edwards' books  
will be brought out prior to her  
American visit next fall.

Elizabeth Akens Allen, the author of the  
famous poem, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother,"  
lives at Ridgewood, N. Y.

Mrs. James A. Goodell, widow of the late  
president, is making preparations to spend  
next winter in Washington.

### What Five Acres Yield.

A few days ago we gave an account  
of the profitable and prudent employ-  
ment of a certain ten acres of ground  
in Banning. We propose here to tell  
the story of another tract, of only five  
acres, that is situated in the heart of  
Banning, and whose yield is the most  
eloquent demonstration of the won-  
derful fertility of our soil. Mr. S. Har-  
grave, the owner of the five-acre tract  
in question, says he does not claim to  
have the push he had twenty-five  
acres ago, nor to have cared for his  
place any more than in an easy-going,  
comfortable way.

Upon the five acre plot is his house  
and barn. There is three fourths of  
an acre of strawberries; and apricots,  
nectarines, plums, egg plums, apples,  
pears and alfalfa occupy the remain-  
ing two and a half acres. Mrs. Har-  
grave is methodical and keeps a re-  
cord of all that the place produces  
and all that is sold. From her we get  
the following figures, whose accu-  
racy we can verify. They show the  
history of the place for the past year.  
This year is not disposed of. It  
will be remembered that all the fruit  
is not yet in bearing. At least half an  
acre of apples and pears are not yet  
producing anything; so that taking  
out the house and barn and the pres-  
ent year's crop of alfalfa, the account we  
give is practically of four acres, rather  
than five. Mrs. Hargrave's figures  
are as follows:

Strawberries	.....	\$234
Apricots	.....	75
Nectarines	.....	27
Egg plums	.....	31
Sweet potatoes	.....	15
Dried fruit sold	.....	59
Milk, butter and eggs	.....	55
Total profits	.....	\$500

Mr. Hargrave has left 500 pounds  
of dried prunes. From the alfalfa on  
his place he sold feed his cow the  
year round and have some left. He  
keeps one horse and one cow. He has  
a family of six, and these had all the  
milk they consumed, all the butter ex-  
cept \$17 worth, nearly all the vegetables,  
and all the fruit; also all the eggs.  
During the year one man was em-  
ployed on the place for two days. Aside  
from that, the family did all their own  
work.

When we first came here we  
were incredulous when told that ten  
acres would support a family. On the  
authority of the foregoing figures we  
can very safely say, that less than 10  
acres will support a family, if properly  
farmed.—Banning Herald.

The man who would undertake to  
do business in this age by remaining  
within his store and awaiting passen-  
gers to hunt him and his establishment  
up, without even an invitation to do  
so, would soon find that the moths  
and rust had either consumed his  
stock, or it had been consigned to a  
warehouse for the purpose of being  
sold to pay a lunatic's board in  
some asylum. Advertising is the re-  
cognized medium that leads to success  
in business. As with active business  
men, so with communities, towns,  
counties and states. Those that bring  
business principles into use and make  
their resources, advantages, etc.,  
known to the outside world are always  
in the lead. We have evidence of this  
on every hand. Look at the growing  
towns that have sprung up in every  
state and territory in the west. Does  
anybody suppose that the respective  
advantages of these localities were ac-  
cidentally "found out"? On the con-  
trary it will be found that money has  
been spent by the thousands, in every  
instance, in publishing maps, cir-  
culars, pamphlets, and great illustrated  
editions of local newspapers, etc., and  
hiring of active agents to see that  
they are placed where they will do the  
most good. Few countries, yet un-  
settled, and with thousands and thou-  
sands of acres of public lands, can offer  
better inducements to homeseekers  
than Arizona. Pinal county, in  
particular, cannot be excelled as a field  
for legitimate investment; the mineral  
wealth is beyond computation; the  
stock industry, yet in its infancy, is  
unsurpassed—it already being an es-  
tablished fact that the beef fattened  
on the grasses of Arizona cannot be  
equaled by any other section of the  
west, while those who will put their  
money into agricultural pursuits, or  
the building of canals, will lay the  
foundation for heavy profits in the  
near future.

These facts about Pinal county and  
Tucson are heralded abroad the ear-  
lier will the tide of immigration be  
turned in this direction. The people of Pinal  
county, one and all, are invited to  
take the inaugural step in this  
matter. Nothing that will attract the  
eye of capitalists or homeseekers will  
be omitted from the forthcoming il-  
lustrated edition of the Citizen.—Tucson  
Citizen.

They have crossed the Rubicon. The  
battle is won. To-day our board of  
superior appointed judges and in-  
spectors of the election to be held on  
November 5, 1889, for choice of dele-  
gates to a constitutional convention in  
January next. Now let all our sister  
counties follow suit, and Arizona's  
delegation will sit in Congress at its  
session in 1890.—Phoenix Herald.

This does settle it. All Arizona  
has to do now is sit quietly and see  
Maricopa pull her into the union. It  
will save other counties the expense  
of holding an election. Let us be  
grateful to Maricopa.—Prospector.

Rev. N. L. Guthrie, of the Methodist  
church at Flagstaff, reports that there  
is a surveying party in the field mak-  
ing a preliminary survey for the Min-  
eral Belt railway from that town by  
way of Tonto Basin direct to Phoenix.  
The road passes for twelve miles  
through an immense pine forest south  
of Flagstaff, that will supply cheap  
lumber for many years to come. This  
line will also tap the coal regions, thus  
furnishing fuel also to this val-  
ley. A rich mineral belt of Arizona  
is also traversed.—Phoenix Herald.

Mr. Marshall of Pinal is building a  
neat brick building on Washington  
street which he will utilize as a black-  
smith and wagon making establish-  
ment. The gentleman is said to be a  
fine workman and of course will suc-  
ceed in such an enterprise.—Phoenix  
Gazette.

Word was brought to Globe yester-  
day afternoon that Sabino Quiroz, a  
Mexican wood packer, had been found  
dead near his camp, about nine miles  
west of town, on Pinal mountain, and  
about one mile from the Warnick  
wood road. Sheriff Reynolds, accom-  
panied by Amado, who brought the  
intelligence to town, started at once  
for the scene, and acting-Coroner John  
Atkins and a jury followed soon after.

Upon reaching the camp Sheriff  
Atkins made a cursory examination of  
the body and surroundings. It was  
found that Quiroz had been shot in the  
back, the ball probably passing through  
the heart, and came out at the left  
nipple. Quiroz's saddle burro was  
found dead about 50 yards distant,  
stabbed in the manner that the head or  
hog is stuck, and the saddle was miss-  
ing. Five of the pack animals were  
found some distance down the gulch,  
going towards water. Three of the  
burros had pack saddles on and two  
without. The only tracks discovered  
leading to the place of the shot, leading  
from where the body was found down  
to the Warnick road. The camp had  
been rifled of all provisions and blank-  
ets.

The coroner's party reached the  
scene after dark and were compelled  
to remain over night and at the pres-  
ent writing have not returned. Ex-  
cept A. J. Arana, who confirms Mr. Rey-  
nolds' statement in all important par-  
ticulars. The belief is held by some  
that Quiroz was killed by Indians, but  
that is only conjecture.—Silver Belt.

### School Monies.

The poll taxes collected in this Ter-  
ritory go into the county School  
Fund of each county. The following  
were the amounts collected by each  
county for the year ending June 30th,  
1889, as reported to the Hon. Charles  
M. Stans, Superintendent of the Pub-  
lic Instruction, by the different coun-  
ty Treasurers:

County	Collected	Expended
Apache	.....	\$ 987.87
Cochise	.....	4186.12
Gila	.....	415.66
Graham	.....	1088.01
Maricopa	.....	1048.85
Mojave	.....	1187.79
Pinal	.....	1091.50
Pima	.....	1629.90
Yavapai	.....	1840.81
Yuma	.....	354.82
Total	.....	\$13,829.34

The entire amount of money col-  
lected and expended in each county  
for school purposes during the same  
period of the time was as follows:

County	Collected	Expended
Apache	.....	\$ 987.87
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Total	.....	\$13,829.34

Average for the territory ..... \$12.41

The figures are not complete, but  
the superintendent estimates that  
one third of the children attend school,  
which shows that Arizona is expend-  
ing \$27.33 for each child that attends  
public schools.—Gazette.

### Bees Camping Out.

Arizona is the land of wonders and  
curiosities. The Star has twice refer-  
red to the fact of swarms of honey  
bees making a lodgment in thick  
bushes and for a time successfully  
building up considerable amount of  
comb, but as a rule they have been  
driven off or the elements or insects  
have destroyed them.

Mr. Paul Plummer called the atten-  
tion of the Star yesterday to the fact  
that he had just discovered a large  
swarm of bees camping out a short  
distance from his house, on the Cactus  
ranch, north of Tucson. The bees  
struck tent in a thick clump of cat-  
claw bushes, and must have been there  
six months, for they had not less than  
fifty pounds of comb honey.

The comb is formed in the shape of  
a heart and is so constructed as to  
shed the rain, and although it has no  
shelter save the bushes, it is perfect  
in every way. Neither sun nor rain  
has damaged it. The combs are about  
4 feet from the ground.

Mr. Plummer proposes to let the  
campers remain where they are dur-  
ing the winter, to observe the outcome.  
He thinks they will require some  
shelter, to enable them to go through  
the winter. It would be difficult, per-  
haps, to make bee keepers in the  
north and east believe this.—Tucson  
Star.

### The Artesian Well Project.

Messrs. Vic. Wilson and W. G. Du-  
mont, of Tombstone, who have enter-  
ed into an agreement with a number of  
Wilcox citizens to sink for artesian  
water in this section, arrived here ear-  
ly in the week and at once proceeded  
to business. The boring machinery,  
which had previously arrived, was  
hauled to the location selected for the  
well—a point on the Dos Cabezas road  
about six miles east of Wilcox and a  
mile and half from the ranch of May-  
er & Sacher—and placed in position  
for beginning operations. Messrs.  
Wilson and Dumont have engaged an  
experienced well borer in Texas, who  
is daily expected to arrive here, and  
as soon as he does the work of boring  
will commence. The Stockman will  
not, at this time, attempt to "boom"  
this enterprise, which promises much  
good for this valley, but will bide its  
time, believing that when artesian  
water is secured will be the proper  
time to call the attention of those  
seeking homes to the thousands of  
acres of fertile lands, now uncultivated,  
that comprise a large portion of the  
great Sulphur Spring valley.—Wilcox  
Stockman.

### A Murder.

Word was brought to Globe yester-  
day afternoon that Sabino Quiroz, a  
Mexican wood packer, had been found  
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Atkins and a jury followed soon after.

Upon reaching the camp Sheriff  
Atkins made a cursory examination of  
the body and surroundings. It was  
found that Quiroz had been shot in the  
back, the ball probably passing through  
the heart, and came out at the left  
nipple. Quiroz's saddle burro was  
found dead about 50 yards distant,  
stabbed in the manner that the head or  
hog is stuck, and the saddle was miss-  
ing. Five of the pack animals were  
found some distance down the gulch,  
going towards water. Three of the  
burros had pack saddles on and two  
without. The only tracks discovered  
leading to the place of the shot, leading  
from where the body was found down  
to the Warnick road. The camp had  
been rifled of all provisions and blank-  
ets.

The coroner's party reached the  
scene after dark and were compelled  
to remain over night and at the pres-  
ent writing have not returned. Ex-  
cept A. J. Arana, who confirms Mr. Rey-  
nolds' statement in all important par-  
ticulars. The belief is held by some  
that Quiroz was killed by Indians, but  
that is only conjecture.—Silver Belt.

### An Official Message from New Orleans.

States that Ticket No. 8,174 drew  
the First Capital Prize of \$300,000 in  
the 232d Grand Drawing of Sept. 10th,  
1889, in The Louisiana State Lottery.  
It was sold in fractional parts of twen-  
tieths at \$1.00 each sent to M. A.  
Dauphin, New Orleans, La. One went  
to the City National Bank of Denver,  
Col.; one the First National Bank,  
Detroit, Mich.; one to C. Gould, Steel-  
ton, Pa.; one to P. A. Decker, 631  
Ninth Ave., New York City; one to  
City National Bank, Dallas, Tex.; one  
to Nat'l Exchange Bank, Dallas, Tex.;  
one to J